/403 cont./

481 He almost daily walks great distances through the forest, to his clearing, which not infrequently is located several kilometers away from the maloca, or to hunt or to search for fruits. The woman, besides the great movement inside the maloca, which is forced on her by the preparation of the food, will take a long walk through the forest almost every day /404/ to reach her clearing, where, in the sun, she will walk three or four hours without stopping. There is no mountain climbing, because the region, in general, is flat. Gymnastic exercises or corporal contests, such as in other human groups, are not known (139).

[526]

139. We have seen children who, playing, seize one another as though it were for open wrestling, without, however, throwing the companion to the ground.

492 And horseback riding is known just as little. There are as yet no horses around these altitudes, even for use by the civilized.

481 The sports practiced daily are the aquatic ones, that is, swim-
515 ming and rowing. In the morning, before daybreak, everyone, without exception, goes to the river, a short distance from the maloca or povoado, and takes his bath. Even the babes in arms are taken along by the mothers and bathed. This bath is quick, one immersing oneself in the water three or four times and passing the hand over the body. Sometimes they steady themselves by the arms on some canoe tied up, and kick the feet in the water. Later, at midday, that is, during the warm hours, when they come back perspiring from the forest or from the clearing, they take another bath. This frequency at the river makes everybody learn how to swim. They swim well, but without much endurance. They never cross great distances by swimming. Perhaps no one would even swim a hundred meters for mere exercise.

6: Moser and Tayler E.N-5 (1960-1961) 1967 SQ19 Tucano SQ19

instruments, the largest of all South American flutes, was later obtained by Nestor and given to us to bring back to England.

While the men are alone, they carry out a trial of strength to establish the strongest members of the clan. Each man scourges the other on the back, between the head and the waist, with whips made from lianas and monkey hide. There is no fighting, but the women become more and more afraid as from the plantation they listen to their men's cries. With nightfall the sacred Jurupari flutes are carried away from the *maloca* and buried underwater in a secret stream bed. The women and children can return now, and they dance and drink *chicha* throughout the night. The feast is open to everyone. It is said that no outsider has ever witnessed this strange masochistic ceremony which is the nearest thing to initiation known among the Tukano.

As a boy grows up, he takes his place with the men. He has his own bow, arrows and curare. He takes cocaine and can wear the full feather head-dress in the tribal dances. He soon chooses a wife from a neighbouring clan, and brings her back to live in his headman's *maloca* and share in the work of the plantation. Though the headman may have two wives, monogamy is the normal rule. Should a young man wish to be independent, he may leave the house of the headman and go off into the jungle to cut his own *chagra* and build his own house.

The forest offers no incentive to communal living. There is always room for more people and other *chagras*, and independence or friction often breaks up the family before economic necessity rules it. On his new land a young Indian will cut the forest for his *chagra*, build a *maloca* and hunt when he has to. But he will do no more than that. It falls to the lot of his wife to provide the daily food: she plants the manioc, harvests and prepares it. She is responsible for the young children. She does the pottery, plaits the *cumare* fibre and makes the hammocks. She is the producer and to her falls the hardest work in their daily lives.

Unlike many of the Amazonian Indians who live in village communities, the Tukano live isolated in their *malocas*. A *maloca* is the only centre of human life for miles around, separated by a clearing from the surrounding forest and placed sometimes a mile or more from the river, away from the sandflies, mosquitoes and other insects that plague the banks, and from the prying eyes of enemies and strangers. The only signs of life are the moored canoes, and it may be as much as an hour's walk before the *maloca* is reached along a narrow, almost indiscernible path, which at times seems to fade away into nothing – as indeed it is meant to.

A *maloca* is built to vast proportions, often eighty feet from end to end and

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Tukano hunting with blowpipe, bow and arrows.

[See p. 62-A]